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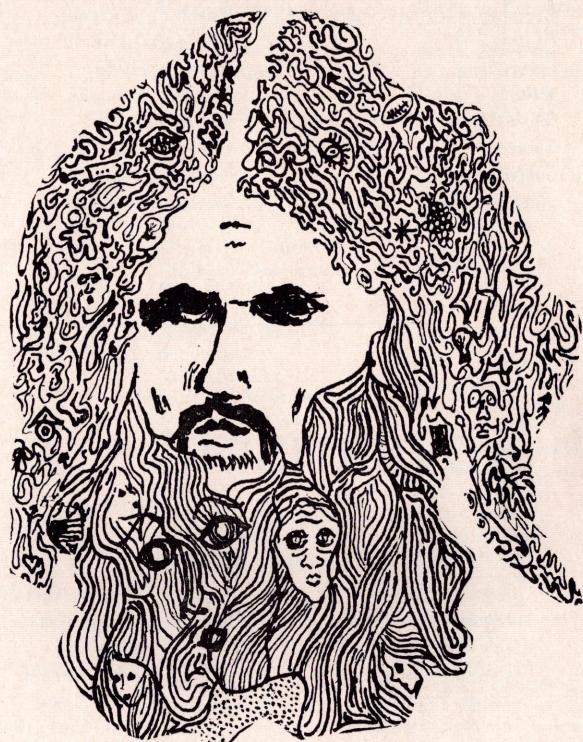
THE STUDENT'S PEN

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FACE-INATING

To avoid unnecessary boredom and other various and sundry reactions, the readers who hate being told something that they already know are at this time advised to turn the page. But those who agree that wisdom is the codification of universal truths or who enjoy reading the "unwritable" are heartily encouraged to remain.

Such ever-present entities are faces that they have been virtually ignored as subjects for literary composition. Slang, however, has triumphantly pounced upon the face and its parts as the perfect subjects for metaphors and characterizations. Many are the times when the unspectacular late-show hero or the all-too innocuous heroine have been told to "keep your chin up, to keep a stiff upper lip," and even not to "give me any lip." You probably know someone who's an eyeful, who's nosy, or tongue-tied. With tongue-in-cheek, we can easily (or maybe not so easily) say that these figures of speech based on faces and others like them have helped to build the American reputation for frank observations and imaginative insults.

Faces are also indispensable to industry and entertainment. What would television be without those celebrated profiles or beauty pageants without the pretty faces? The connection between faces and the money-making makeup industry need not be mentioned except to note half-seriously that makeup accents the features, making expression and therefore communication a little less complicated.

As ambassadors from the inner self to the outside world, faces are vital. We reveal our moods and attitudes through

our facial expressions, and infallibly we make contact with the individual solitudes around us. Each part of the face has a role in our communication with others—the eyes as windows of the soul, the mouth as spokesman, and the ears, nose, and eyes as data receivers that relay information to the brain, acting as a processing unit, which in turn issues reactions that are usually revealed by the facial expressions. Discovering still another step in the cycle(!), we find that faces in conjunction with their expressions become convenient badges of identification, the union of face and name.

To end the suffering of the bored, we have decided to make an end of it. But first this important announcement:—Faces are anything but stark exclamation points bobbing on the sea of humanity. Faces are people and people are life.



Sue Connor

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"MARIA"

By Wayne Shepard, '69

THE LITTLE silver bell rang once again as Maria closed the door behind her. She caught a glimpse of the grocer inside looking at her through the window as she stood under the awning, adjusting her plastic, fold-away rain hat, hoping to cover all of her hair. She knew what he was thinking. He was thinking about how nervous she had been. The phone had rung while she was inside and she had cried out—not loudly, but loud enough for the grocer to hear and take notice. Telephones terrified her now. She looked at the clock on the wall in the grocery. It was nearly ten o'clock and she still had to walk four blocks to home where she would be safe. She clutched her groceries and stepped out into the rain.

She had been lucky to find a grocery open that late at night. She had not wanted to go out at night, nor had she wanted to travel this far (this was not her usual grocery), but hibernating at home for the week had used up all her food in store. She wanted to wait until morning to go out, but she had grown so hungry, that she decided to chance the rainy night. She didn't want to disturb the neighbors. Nervous? Yes, she was nervous. She was scared. The panic had left her, but she was still scared. Who wouldn't be after what she had been through during the past week?

He had called again last night. She didn't know who he was or why he wanted to "get" her, but he did and that was all that mattered. He could be anyone. She was just a poor woman living in a second floor apartment in Spanish Harlem. Who had she offended to this

degree? Why would anyone want to kill her?

She was born and raised in Puerto Rico and had lived there eighteen years. After one year of marriage, she was taken, three months pregnant, by her husband to America. They settled in New York City and lived together happily with their son and, later, daughter for fifteen years until he fell to his death from the fifth floor at a construction site in midtown. Now a widow, she lived alone, surviving on government welfare checks.

Brushing some wet hairs off of her forehead, she stepped briskly across the first street. Three more blocks and she would be home safe.

"Call the police," one of her neighbors had said. "They'll protect you. That's their job, to protect people." Sure, Maria thought, they'd protect her. They'd protect her like they protected her daughter while she was being beaten in an alley not far from her present apartment. She was the younger of the two children, born three years after they moved to New York. She was petite in size and only fourteen years young when an accountant on his way home found her, unconscious. They had been together, mother and daughter, during the last two hours as the child lay half-sobbing in unconscious pain and memories and the mother sat quietly, too numb with shock to cry, as the priest performed the last rites in an attempt to cleanse the body of the contamination. Now it lay in a cemetery with a simple gravestone as its only marking, forgotten by all, except Maria.

Maria hid her face from the lights of a passing car before venturing to cross the second side street. The streets were unusually empty this rainy night. She had seen no people (thank goodness, she thought) and that was the first car. She

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didn't know whether that made her feel safer or not. It was kind of eerie.

She did not feel safe, though, with the police, so she wasn't going to call them. The police were bad. They were evil. After all, wasn't it the police who had accused her son of a murder he did not commit? The trial had been terrible. The judge was against him; the jury was against him. Couldn't they see what kind of boy he was? Couldn't they see he wouldn't hurt a flea, much less kill a human being? No, they couldn't. The attorney had appealed twice, but to no avail, and two years later in July, ten days after his twentieth birthday, he was walked down Death Row and executed.

Crossing the third street, Maria fought the wind and rain that sought to drive her back. Only one more block and one more street and she'd be home safe.

Widowed and childless now, she moved into her corner apartment where she now lived. It was not well furnished, but she was unemployed and it was the best she could afford. Once, she remembered, she had lived in a larger apartment, one built for a family. A family . . . Once she had had a family, but that was all gone now. Now she wanted to cry. She wanted to drop her groceries, fall to her knees, and cry. But, no. There would be plenty of time for crying when she got home and she only had to cross this one last street and she would be there. Safe.

She nearly fainted when she saw the man standing in the doorway.

He was not facing her and evidently did not yet know she was there. But, from the lights in the windows across the street, she could see a mean scar etched in the side of his face. From what she could see, he appeared to be burly like a longshoreman. She began to move her head from side to side mumbling, "No . . . no . . . no . . ." until finally she screamed,

"No!", dropped her groceries, turned and ran. She didn't know where she was running to, she only knew that she had to get away from this madman. She thought she heard him screaming, "I see ya, I see ya!" in a high, frenzied voice. She screamed into the air, "No! Leave me alone! Just leave me alone!" and ran and ran until she couldn't breathe, so she hid.

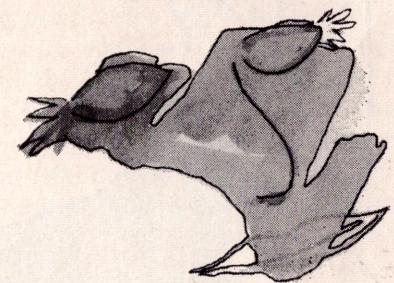
The man had been walking down the street when it started to rain, so he took cover in a friendly-looking doorway and decided to wait for the bus. He had been standing in the doorway for quite a while when he heard a woman behind him scream, "No!". He turned and recognized the woman as she fled leaving groceries scattered on the corner on the other side of the side street. "Maria," he called, "Maria!". Where was she going? She was yelling something back at him but he couldn't make out what it was. He looked around and saw no one and nothing to be afraid of. If she had merely forgotten something, she would not have dropped her packages so violently nor so near home. It had to be something pretty urgent. Swamped in confusion, he watched her as she ran into the night. He could not run after her, he knew that, so he limped over to the groceries and separated the packaged foods from the unprotected and put them back in the bag. The remainder he threw into a litter basket. He was carrying the groceries to Maria's apartment when he saw his bus coming, so he left the groceries in the doorway, hoping she would find them when she returned.

As he pulled himself up the stairs of the bus, the driver looked at the scar. The man understood, "A boy," he explained, "hit a home run through a window and I was hit by the flying glass."

"And the limp?" the bus driver asked.
"Born with it."
The bus driver shrugged and, allowing

the limping passenger to take a seat, started the bus. Well, he thought, it would be something to tell the wife. It wasn't every day one saw a priest with a scar like that on his face.

Father Perez sat back and thought about Maria. He would have to ask her about this next Sunday, if he saw her.



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UPSURGE ON THE UPSWING*By Richard Levinson, '70*

STUDENT REVOLTS have become very popular on the American educational scene. There is much to be said for the courage and raw stupidity exhibited by the students leading and taking part in these rebellions. Before planning a revolt, one must closely examine the pros and cons; therefore, let us study the evolution of a recent student mutiny.

At our sample high school, the students decided that they were unhappy with their schedules due to the fact that they were required to attend classes. To rectify the situation, they planned to force the administration to give in and then lynch the spineless cowards for not waging a good fight. They went into action during a fire drill. When the signal was given for the pupils to return to the building, our hero jumped onto the hood of a car and belched, "My fellow slaves of the establishment, I am revolting!" A teacher in the area pulled him down and told him that if he kept it quiet and changed his toothpaste, no one would notice. For this action, the young man was suspended. But this only served to feed the fires of mutiny, for now the group had a martyr.

His boon companions led an attack on the school library. At an appointed time, 626 students walked into the library and checked out nine books each. Two days later at 2:43, the same 626 students sauntered into the library and piled the books on the floor (a total of 5,634 volumes). The librarian, unable to cope with the situation, threw herself down a garbage disposal unit in the Home Economics Department.

At this point someone tipped off the administration that there was some unrest in the school, but it was too late. Within a day the students struck again; target—the school cafeteria. As a general rule, between 100 and 200 people each day ate the slop which India refused. On this day, 600; I said 600; students walked into the cafeteria and demanded a hot lunch. When the food ran out, the first student who suffered from the deprivation (whom we shall refer to as Student A) walked over to a table and removed the tray from under the face of Student B. Student B, justifiably annoyed, schlepped his carcass out of his seat and firmly planted his fist into Student A's torso. Student A did not vomit because there was nothing in his stomach, but instead placed the tray in trajectory on course to the face of Student B, who ducked. The tray whistled through the air leaving a path of hominy grits (about 17) and mashed turnip greens, but the majority of it was intact when Student C's cranium brought the missile to an abrupt halt. In revenge, Student C picked up his tray in one hand and Student D's head in the other and introduced the two. This precipitated what is known in the vernacular as a food riot. This event greatly upset the cafeteria staff, because they were informed by the Board of Health that all the food would have to be cleaned before it could be resold.

In a final burst of glory, the students stormed into the office and took the principal captive. Having never been in a similar situation, they had no idea of

what to do with a hostage principal. So after discussing his golf game and asking about the family, the students realized that within half an hour they would be dead of starvation or boredom, and thus ended the glorious revolution.

Insurrections are great fun, but they have a way of being crushed and resulting in serious repercussions. The students rarely get what they want, and are often severely punished, but it's the prin-

ciple of the whole thing (or should I say principal) making sure the administration knows we're around. Gang, if we can overcome these trivial obstacles, think of the glory, the fame, the power; glorious power, POWER! Power that will be mine, er, uh, ours that is. After the school we'll take over the city and then we'll take over the state and go on and get more power, power over everybody in the country, power over



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1978?

By David Arnold, '68

THE NATIONAL Space Agency had just compiled the results of an extensive probe to a planet in another star system for the purpose of colonization. This particular planet was chosen because our preliminary investigations showed it to have a temperature and atmosphere similar to our own. All systems are working as planned, except for a malfunction in the video system that prevents our taking pictures. I have been authorized to answer questions of the press."

"Doctor Van Bramer, I think we are all anxious to know whether you have discovered life on this planet."

"We are only able to investigate the small portion of the planet in range of the probe's sensing devices, but the total absence of living organisms in the air and water leads us to the conclusion that higher and possibly intelligent forms of life are impossible."

"You mentioned the discovery of water. To what extent is it present?"

"Water is as abundant on this planet as it is on our own, both in the air and on the surface. Analysis of a nearby river, however, shows the chemical content much too high and the oxygen content too low to support marine life."

"Would you describe for us just what the astronauts would experience upon colonizing this planet?"

"Their greatest danger would be from the atmosphere. The climate would be warmer than what we are accustomed to, because of the higher concentration of carbon dioxide, but this in itself would not be serious. The major portion of the air is made up of nitrogen and oxygen in much the same proportions as ours. However, we have detected a multitude

of toxic gases in significant concentrations. Assuming that none of these are strong enough to be immediately lethal, they would certainly be disastrous after prolonged exposure. Sulfur dioxide, sulfuric acid, hydrofluoric acid, ozone, nitrogen dioxide, and ketene would act to corrode the lungs of the astronauts, possibly causing emphysema, and would make cultivation of plant food impossible. Hydrogen sulfide is a deadly poison which acts on the blood, and would kill immediately if the concentration rose much higher than what we record now. Formaldehyde, acrolein, and hydrocarbon olefins are strong eye irritants and some of these, as well as ozone, nitrogen dioxide, and ketene have been strongly linked with cancer. Even if the astronauts could survive these poisons, they would face irreversible damage to the nervous system and brain from the effects of carbon monoxide, ozone, nitrogen dioxide, and certain free ions. We would soon be faced with the horrible situation of a colony of dead, dying or insane people. Needless to say, we have abandoned all thoughts of inhabitation, and have concluded that life as we know it is impossible on the planet Earth."

Last Day

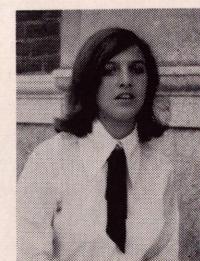
Faces upturned to the sky,
Wrenched with pain and fear,
The end is near, they know it now;
Thus the children start to cry.

"It's here! It's here!" they shriek in fright
And gather closer together.
They hear the bell, how shrill it sounds.
Then come the blasts that split the night.

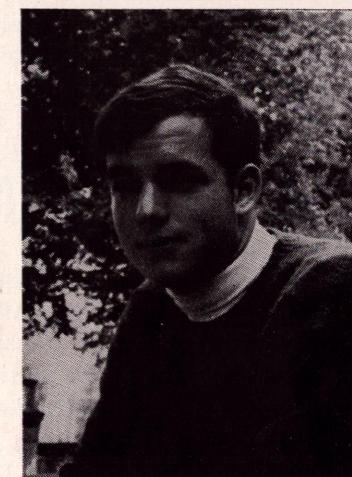
By Lisa Farrell, '70

JUDY WILDMAN

An active student at Pittsfield High this year is Judy Wildman. Judy, although busy as Editor-In-Chief of the *In General*, still finds time for the yearbook staff and *The Student's Pen* Essay Staff. She's also a Cadette officer. A National Merit Semi-Finalist and also a member of the National Honors Society, Judy is an A.P. English student and hopes to major in English in College. Outside of school Judy is the President of the United Synagogue Youth.

**KAREN FORSGARD**

Meet one of the busiest seniors at P.H.S., the editor of the 1969 *Dome*, Karen Forsgard. No one could be more deserving of this position than Karen. An above average student in the C.P. curriculum, she maintains good marks while taking Advanced Placement English and European History. Karen is also a member of the G.A.A., Pep Club, the staff of *In General*, and Writer's and Illustrator's, as well as being an active member of the Debating Club. Karen hopes to attend the University of Mass., where she will take a liberal arts course. A newcomer at P.H.S., Karen has brought many new and fresh ideas for the *Dome*, which we're sure will make it the greatest yearbook ever.

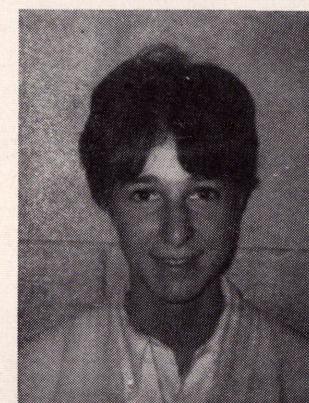
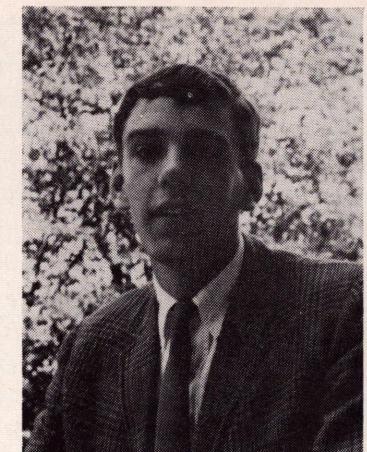
**DAVE WILLIAMS**

One of the most familiar faces at P.H.S. is that of "Lumpy." (His real name is David Williams.) Dave is not new to the office of Senior Class President, for he was our class president and Student Council Vice-President last year. "Lumpy" keeps himself busy in the CP-Technical Course with both AP English and chemistry. He has hopes of attending Williams College and becoming a lawyer. We are all sure that Dave will lead our senior class to glory in the coming year.

OCTOBER 1968

JIM BAGDONAS

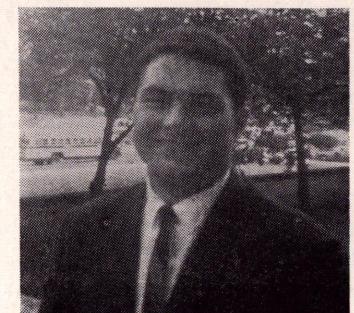
Jim Bagdonas, alias "Bags," is known to all for many things. Last year, he was our BVP. This year he is captain of our football team. His other great achievements in sports are in basketball and track. Last summer he was Boys' State representative. His hobbies include swimming and golf. Jim plans to major in Math in college and perhaps be an engineer. He hopes to attend Holy Cross or Dartmouth.

**JEAN EULIAN**

Jean Eulian, the energetic captain of our cheerleaders, participates in many extracurricular activities. She is an enthusiastic member of G.A.A. of which she is a board member and participates in most of the after-school sports. She also belongs to Pep Club and is on the Girl's Sports staff of both the *In General*, and *The Student's Pen*. Although cheering practice keeps her busy, she finds time for a part-time job at Al's Variety Store. Jean is enrolled in the C.P. Course and plans to attend college after graduation.

TONY PARISE

Pittsfield High is sure to have a great year in football with Tony Parise as co-captain. Besides being on the football team, where he plays line backer, Tony is very active in the wrestling team. Tony also excels scholastically; he has recently received a letter of commendation from the National Merit Scholarship Program. He is a homeroom representative and maintains a good average in the C.P. Course. As for his future, Tony thinks he would like to attend a four-year liberal arts college and pursue a career in law.



New Faces and Ideas in Art

Keeping up with new trends in art has become a breathtaking business. Styles in art change constantly because art is not just a search for beauty, but also a reflection of the age in which it appears.

Our own time is one of complexity, disunion, and an accelerated pace, and new art is expressing these qualities in radical new ways.

It would be impossible for contemporary artists and sculptors to create in the way they do if they were not part of a historical period marked by revolutionary changes in not only the sciences, but also in the fields of religion and philosophy. In our era, a new breed of artists has emerged and with them has emerged a new kind of art which refuses to be categorized in any way.

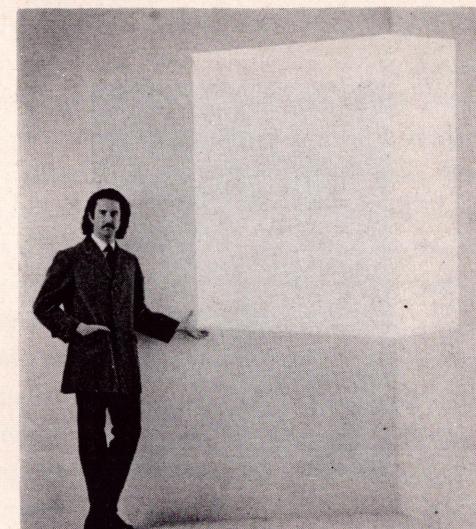
This new "breed" is using its artistic freedom to the utmost, and is doing things seldom before done in the art world. Their freedom is never limited, unless by lack of imagination. They are using materials which are a far cry from the conventional oil paint or bronze, and are now working not only with these conventional materials, but also with plastics, neon, acrylic, (a synthetic fiber), and aluminum.

Mike Heizer, 23, has created a garend of negative space in the Nevada desert by sinking a series of concrete-lined holes in the sand. What does it "mean"? Says Heizer of his project, "I guess it's a reaction to the city and to the idea that art is necessarily first seen in a gallery or museum."

Twenty-two-year-old Neil Jenny feels that art should not be limited to the visual sense, and would like to work with energy sources which can be felt as they operate. His latest "landscape" is composed of squiggleing neon, troughs of

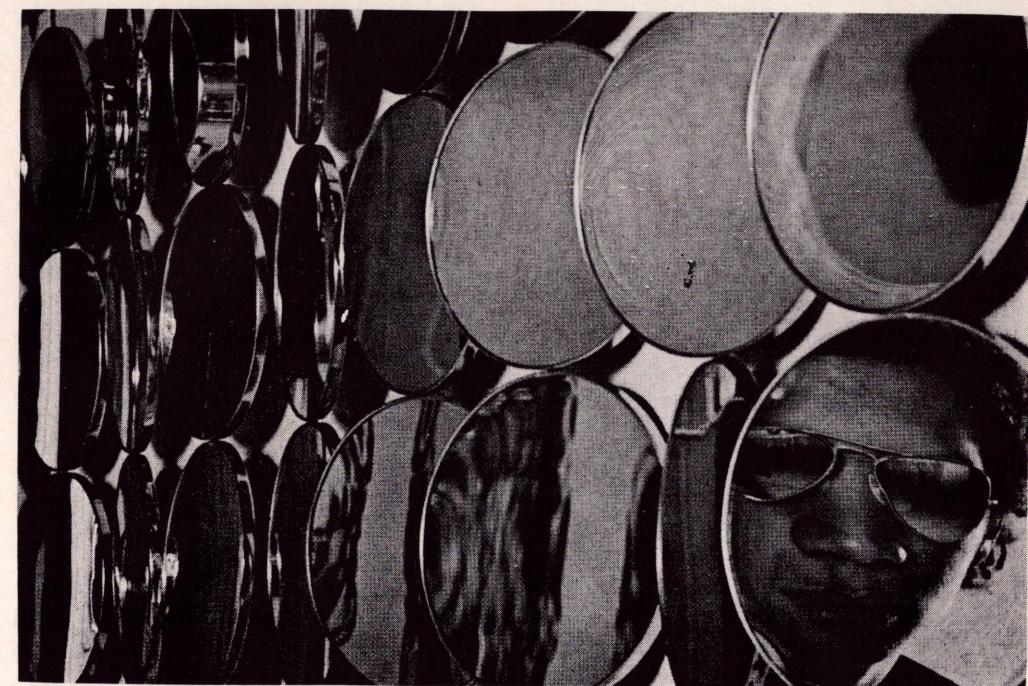
water, growing moss and floating algae, all scattered around his studio.

Some of the artists "play" with reflections on glass and metal to see what effects they can achieve, trying to suggest through illusions that what you see may not necessarily be the way it actually is. Billy Al Bengston, a young West Coast artist, achieves this by painting and then "banging" aluminum and therefore producing "controlled" reflections from its contour.



James Turrell

You don't have to use physical objects to form an experience, and 24-year-old James Turrell proves this by using a high-intensity projector suspended from the ceiling to throw light images on blank walls. Through the use of slides, masks, and prisms, he can control and vary the density and outline of his images. Says Turrell, "If you turn off the lights in a gallery, the paintings go off. By working with light itself, I get right to the source."



Robert Gordon

Robert Gordon's art form is based on a rejection of middle class "good taste" which he considers hypocritical, and on the repulsion of art-as-decoration. The 23-year-old artist creates collages composed of the materials an interior decorator might use: mirrors, curtain rods, wallpaper, etc.

But is the experimental work and the elaborate electrical devices "true art"? This would depend on one's definition of "art". It seems, however, that art is no longer "a trade to be patiently mastered . . . but . . . a matter of doing what no one has done before."

Whether one considers this legitimate art or not, the fact is that it is making a tremendous impression upon the contemporary art world. Some of the work is also bringing tremendous prices to young painters; starting rates are anywhere from \$500 to \$1000. But an artist who starts off well may not last long. "It

can be debilitating for a young artist to enter the race too quickly," says Dick Bellamy, talent scout and art dealer. "Many who make exciting debuts just aren't heard of two or three years later."

So what's in the future for the art world? In view of the rapid changes recently, it would be impossible to guess; anything might happen. But it does seem to hold true that contemporary art reflects the contemporary world, and if today's life keeps up its present pace, it seems doubtful that the art world will have much time to wonder where it's headed.

By Judy Linscott, '69

Bob: "My girl friend is a twin."

Joe: "How do you tell them apart?"

Bob: "Her brother is built different."

The Sound and The Fury

The Sound and the Fury, by William Faulkner, is a difficult book to read, but well worth the effort. Each of the four narrators tells of the downfall of the Compson family from a different point of view. In the background of the old South being destroyed by a new world, the Compsons are unable to relinquish the outmoded ethics which were the foundation of their ancestors' lives. Faulkner's theme is the deterioration which occurs with the passage of time and the past is used, by contrast, to emphasize the sterility of the present.

Benjy, a thirty-year-old with the mind of a child, describes a world filled with a poetry of the senses. He cannot understand, but can only vaguely realize that something is wrong. In the section devoted to Quentin, a disillusioned young man lost in the corrupt world he sees, the author traces the events leading up to a pathetic suicide with frightening clarity. Jason, the cynical oldest brother, describes his family bitterly and lives a lonely, miserable life in the Compson household while he passionately torments those around him. Finally, the old Negro servant Dilsey represents the unifying and sustaining force in society. She is the only character who is able to see the past and the present realistically, and yet to retain her faith.

All of the Compson's revolve around Caddy, a promiscuous child who, nevertheless, is able to love and will not allow her family to take this from her. She is the only person who accepts Benjy and he loves her with simplicity and a blind intensity. Quentin, whose Puritan ethics are poisoned by Caddy's inability to conform to them, eventually kills himself. But his suicide occurs only when he realizes that even despair doesn't matter and that Caddy will never be worth his self-torment. None of the characters are able

to accept Caddy, for she is free from the traditions that bind them and dares to live as she pleases.

It is not clear whether Faulkner is condemning Southern society or humanity in general in *The Sound and the Fury*. His novel is overflowing with symbolism which the reader is allowed to interpret for himself. One of the best of Faulkner's many works, it employs a simple plot to make a direct statement about our lives and the values we hold.

By Virginia Johnston, '69

A New Trend in Contemporary Music

Ultimate Spinach. No one knows what it is? Well, how about Orpheus? Still doesn't ring a bell. How about the Cream? Ah ha, I'm getting closer to home. If nobody has guessed by now, I'll reveal my secret. Ultimate Spinach, Orpheus, Cream, Vanilla Fudge plus a wealth of other names are actually the titles of the groups who play the rapidly growing sound of psychedelic music. Everyone has heard of it, but not everyone is familiar with what it actually is, since it is not played on most radio stations.

Psychedelic music is a relatively new offspring of the eight year old rock and roll movement. It gained momentum after the release of the song "A Day in the Life" by the Beatles. This song was completely foreign to the current music trend and stimulated a movement away from beat music, which moves the soul, to a type of music which would permeate and stimulate the mind.

There seems to be much confusion over the point of what psychedelic music is precisely. First of all, it is a combination of classical styles of music with new innovations and techniques. It is music which must be listened to carefully, like classi-

OCTOBER 1968

cal music, in order to be enjoyed fully. Psychedelic composers often try to get a point across as well as write music. Their motives were expressed best by Ian Bruce-Douglas, of Ultimate Spinach, when he wrote "... feel that we of Ultimate Spinach are sincerely trying to get inside your head, so that you may know us for our music, and that by knowing us you may share in our thing..."

Psychedelic, as the name implies, is related to the mind, and therefore is related to drugs. Many groups write songs which are 'pro-drug', but there is an equally vehement anti-drug faction. This conflict can be divided into the East coast-West coast split. The earlier more well known faction, the West coast, with groups such as The Jefferson Airplane, The Grateful Dead, Country Joe and the Fish, and the Amboy Dukes include groups that are pro-drug. On the other hand, the much more recent East coast faction are decidedly anti-drug. A specific example is the song "Speed Kills" by the Beacon Street Union, speed referring to methedrine, the most deadly of all psychedelic drugs.

The Jefferson Airplane, a well known group, has a psychedelic style which revolves around contemporary themes. A particular example is "White Rabbit." They often combine psychedelic music with lyrics to emphasize their message.

Another group, the Electric Prunes, recorded a piece called "Mass in F minor", which is about thirty minutes long. This is a well done piece which is based on a classical form of music, the Catholic mass. When it is in concert, the group itself is very particular in having its audience pay strict attention to the music.

The more well known East coast groups are Orpheus, Ultimate Spinach, and The Beacon Street Union. These groups are all especially talented and share certain stylistic similarities. Un-

fortunately, the records of these groups are either in limited supply or not available at all. Just the same, they would be well worth "looking into."

Certainly not to be omitted is the Cream. Everyone is familiar with them and their music. They are very remarkable and talented musicians, who, fortunately, formed their own group after leaving the Beatles.

It is necessary to comment on one aspect of psychedelic pieces such as the 'Mass' by the Electric Prunes which is a grave fault in rock and roll music. This is the continuity of the music. More recent and more refined psychedelic music has remedied this problem. However, rock and roll music fails its devotees greatly because there isn't enough of a song to really enjoy and understand. Perhaps that is why rock music never lasts too long in the same style and why groups such as the Beatles have survived only through drastic changes, perhaps for the better, in their style.

The most recent addition to the psychedelic world is the song "The Time Has Come Today" by the Chambers Brothers. Don't expect to hear the complete version on radio because of its length, which is ten minutes.

Ultimate Spinach, Vanilla Fudge, Cream, Electric Prunes: such is the food of psychedelic music.

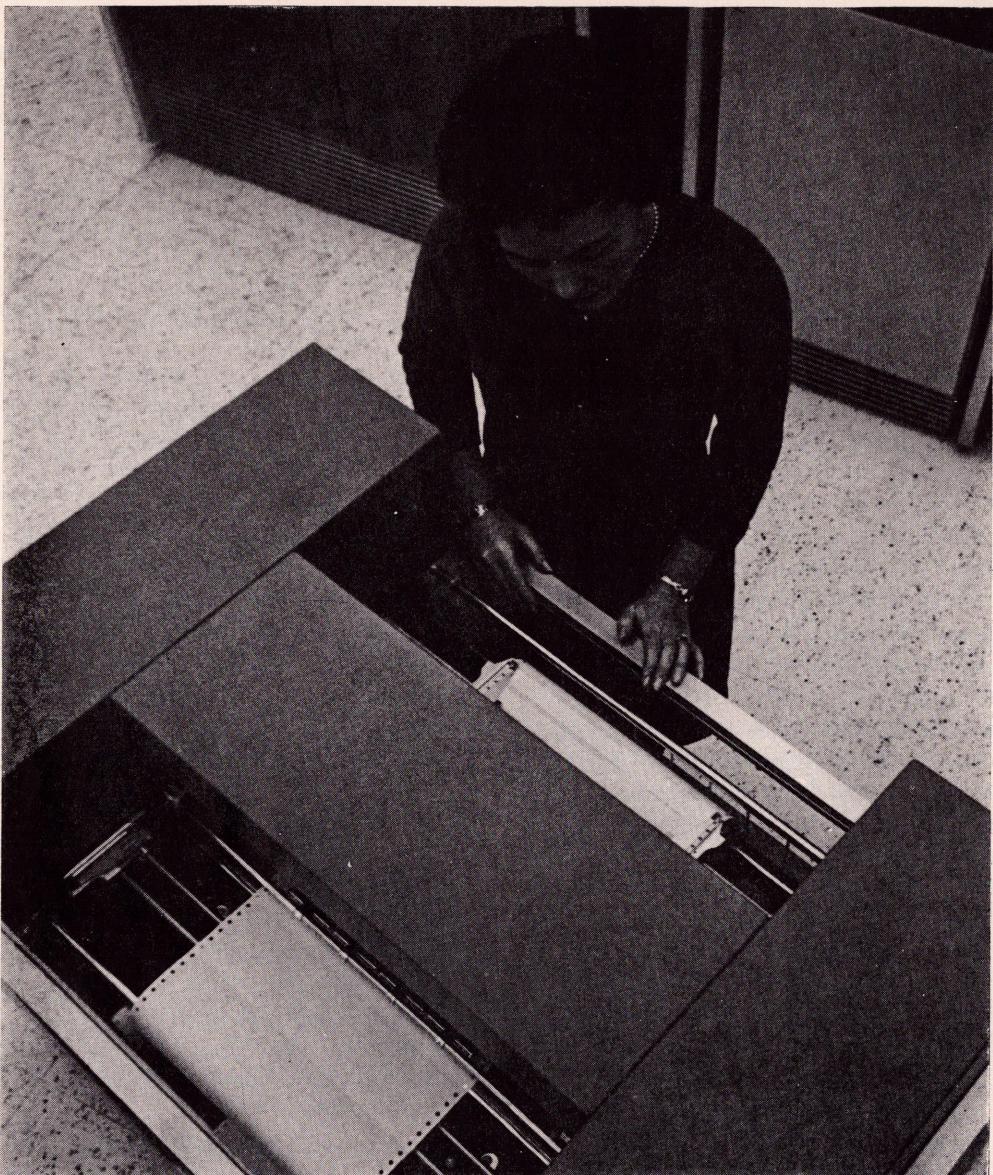
By Donald Robadue, '70

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IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

By Susan Connors, '69

THE WEATHER was funny that day. She had chosen to wrap herself in a velvet cloak that folded about her in every tone of grey that existed. But here and there glistened a wondrous silver thread that sometimes was reflected for a moment on the earth.

I felt kind of funny, too. I was going with Tom, and I had loved him dearly a week ago but now I didn't know. I used to be so happy whenever I was with him, but now he seemed flat as stale coke. He was sweet but he wasn't exciting. It wasn't that I was used to running around with all sorts of fascinating people. I was never that popular. But it seemed that getting to know a person would be more interesting than I found. It seemed that whenever I got to know someone, I grew further and further away from him. Tom was almost repellent to me now. I didn't understand why he said certain things and well, he just didn't make sense to me. I felt confined, too, and I wanted to meet other boys.

What it all ended up to was that I had decided to break up with Tom. It didn't worry me too much how to do it. I had done it with other boys and it didn't bother me. Usually I forgot what I had said a couple of days later so I knew I wouldn't be too upset.

I met him after school and we walked up to the bus stop together. We talked about school and teachers and insignificant things that had happened during one class or another. Pretty soon we were standing on the corner. The sun still hadn't quite come out. It glistened here and there, then vanished again. Tom was



standing beside me, leaning against the building, his hair just brushing his eye. And suddenly I looked at his eye and I saw how perfect it was. Each lash attached so beautifully to the lid which formed a smooth line over the moist eye. And the lower lid curved along the eye too, soft pine and glistening with life. I felt as if I could feel the warmth of life in his eye and the gentle pulse of blood below it. It was the most beautiful thing I had seen. It was symmetrical and colored to perfection. And I felt as if I had seen more than an eye. Then when the bus came I just smiled and told him I'd see him tomorrow.

A sign on a New York subway read: "Don't be like me. I were a school dropout."

Underneath it, someone had scribbled: "Not me, I go to college."



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NOMAN'S ODYSSEY

By Mary Wiswell, '69

THE DIM FORM that is NoMan moves silently through the shapeless mist that is all he knows. There is no light, nor are there flowers nor chairs nor rainbow colors. He has no need to see. There are no voices to call to him, no barking dogs to frighten him, no screaming alarm clock to awaken him to another day of work. He has no need to hear.

NoMan drifts endlessly onward, not knowing where he is going because he does not know where he has been. His only reality is infinity. His twilight world is the negative of ours in the ultimate plan of the universe. It is a place where there is no war, but still there is no peace, for peace suggests harmony among men, and NoMan is alone. There is no need to speak. There is no feeling; there are no tears.

NoMan's existence is simple, unmarked by worries and fears. His face is unscathed by the wrinkles of care, but neither are there those from expressions of joy. He is deprived not only of pain and sorrow, but also of love and learning and deep-throated laughter. He knows no death, but yet he knows not life, for life is a blending of opposites that attract, and there must be black together with white, not just a world full of gray. The abolition of man's problems is the key to no man's happiness.

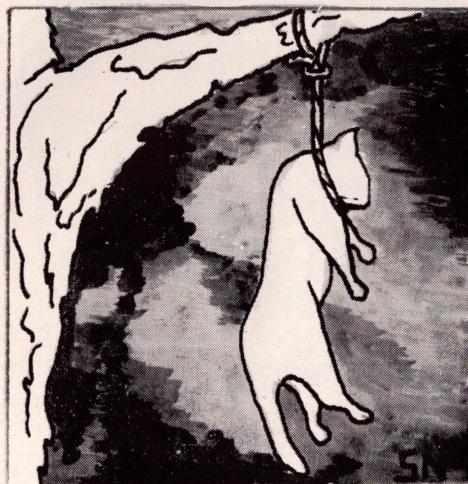
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EMOTIONS

By Sally Dupuis, '69



Steve Novick

THE KITTEN lay in a deformed heap at the base of a tree. The heavy cord about its neck was now limp and tangled about its tiny forepaws. The young boy with straggly blond hair looked down at the tiny form with a bemused smile on his face.

He had been at school that morning but had left early. Nobody would miss him anyway. He walked alone along the ridge near the school. He then sat down to watch a litter of kittens with their mother under a tree nearby. He watched as the mother fed and cleaned her children. It was then the feeling began to fill him.

One kitten began to ram away from its mother and was exploring the mystery of a leaf. With shocking speed, the boy grabbed the kitten and pressed his fingers to its throat. The helpless kitten cried pitifully and the boy cried, too. Then anger overwhelmed him. The boy picked up a cord that lay near by and twisted it around the kitten's fragile neck. He hung it from a branch and watched the kitten

struggle as the life drained slowly from its form.

He suddenly felt satisfied. He stood and stared at the dead kitten and felt nothing. Slowly the shadow of a smile crossed his face. It grew until he laughed and continued laughing. Cheerfully he moved on his way, not remembering or caring about the lifeless kitten and the mother now curiously sniffing its still and cold form.

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THE FISHERMAN

By Elizabeth Rawson, '69

HE SAT STARING at the water. The old sun beat down upon him—an old man. His hair, once sandy blond, was now that curious silver grey of an ancient sea gull. The breeze which every morning pushed his boat was now playfully tossing his silvered hair, swirling it into its normal disarray. That noble, bronzed forehead was deeply creased by years of misgiving, waiting, hoping. Those aged grey eyebrows were knotted in anxiety. Those eyes of his were blue and deep—as deep and as blue as the ocean they continually scanned. Suddenly those eyes flickered, glinted, and smiled. Those short, broad nostrils sniffed, again, and again. His thick, wind-chapped lips twitched; his jaw trembled as it worked in agitation. Slowly did his lips break from their habitual melancholic position. Slowly, slowly, did they break into a rusty smile. And slowly did peace come to that ancient, careworn face.

Until You Feel at Home

Simple white lights
Flickering bright
Contributing to the picture.
A mind in flight
Pondering tight heights
Having a fling with rapture.
Two teeth rest
On a moist pink thumb.
Need to move faster.
Need to pause slower.
Need to wonder alone.

Lorraine Simo, '69



Paul Decelles

What We Face

Just as a child I played with my hour glass.
I stood tall in the golden sandbox,
Watching each glorious hour pass like fireflies.
Never did I stop to watch them flickering
at such a fast gait—
Or try and catch them to understand
and know.
Now ravaged by age, I halt and stare;
with weak eyes.
But I feel I see more.
Fingering the space around me
I groped for the precious pair of wings
I missed.
Failing . . .
I stooped low in, my dull grey
sandbox, watching the crystals flow
through the clear glass form.

Jennifer Douglas, '70

A Face

A face means almost nothing
But even so,
Isn't that how some of us choose
A good friend from a foe?

Some people pick by color;
It's so very unfair.
Yet they do it anyway,
To admit it, would they dare?

What is a person's face?
Does it tell you what he's like?
Can you make a fair appraisal
Of a Danny or a Mike?

A face is such a property
Unlike any other.
That is to say you're like a book
And your face, a cover.

Maxine Stein, '71



Debi Crowe

Lies

dark
secret
faces
deceiving all
(everyone of you)
into
believing what
they mean
by their

obscure
unreal
words
deceiving all
(everyone of you)
into

believing what
they say
about
haunting
ominous
truths
deceiving all
(everyone of you)

Joy Quillard, '70

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Chottsie Morris
Ellen Metropole
Karl Dastoli
Paul Decelles

Chris Selin
Sue Hardesty
Steve Senger
Steve Novick

James Ranti, a 1951 P.H.S. graduate, plays first trumpet in the Montreal Symphony Orchestra.

Shortly after graduation, I joined the U.S. Air Force Band and played my way around the world for four years. After discharge from the service, I attended the Juilliard School of Music in New York and played in and around New York City. As a matter of fact, I put myself through school by playing at various theaters and night clubs. I remember one night club very well because I worked there for a year until 3:40 A.M. each morning and then got up for school at 8:00 A.M.

While in New York, I attended Columbia University and finally graduated with a Bachelor of Music Degree from the Manhattan School of Music. All this time, I studied with William Vorchiiano, first trumpet of New York Philharmonic and one of the finest trumpet players in the world.

I was working on my Masters degree at the Manhattan School when I heard about a first trumpet opening in the Montreal Symphony. With my wife Sally, a harpist whom I met at the conservatory, I left New York to fill the post.

My work here consists of playing trumpet in a one-hundred piece symphony orchestra, teaching more than twenty-five private students a week and also

playing in a brass quintet, playing for the CBC Television and Radio Network and also for the National Film Board of Canada, and making records. I've toured Europe several times, playing concerts at the major capital cities. Our orchestra will go to the World's Fair in Osaka, Japan in 1970.

I enjoy my work very much even though there is a great strain on musicians. Musicians receive only one chance and critics are very unmerciful to even small mistakes. In spite of these difficulties, music is a great field to enter, whether permanently or temporarily. There are hundreds of opportunities to play in groups and there is always the field of teaching music. I would like now to urge all string players to seriously consider music as a career. There is such a demand for strings now that you can almost name your orchestra. Wind players, however, should really be the greatest because competition is fierce.

I'd like to wish all of Pittsfield High's students the best of luck and success in whatever field they choose. Remember the factors which I consider important to success—talent in the chosen field, very, very hard work, and a little bit of luck.

Sincerely,

James Ranti

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After graduation from Pittsfield High in 1912, Clarence Lovejoy worked as a reporter on *The Eagle* for one year. He entered Columbia University the next year in a four year journalism class and worked his way through by a variety of jobs, including typing theses and dissertations for Ph.D. candidates.

Lovejoy's entry into the staff of *The New York Times* was a result of a freak of European history. He learned of an unclaimed piece of land between Belgium and Germany and was so intrigued by it that he did much research on it. He wrote it up in newspaper form and submitted it to the Sunday editor of the *Times*. Since then he has contributed to the staff for fifty-five years.

In his senior year America was getting ready to help Europe defend itself against Germany's onslaught. After the United States declared war on April 6, 1917, Lovejoy left Columbia and became a second lieutenant of the Thirty-Eighth Infantry of the famous Third Division. During his encounters with the enemy he received the Silver Star for gallantry. He attended Sorbonne University in Paris for six months after the war and also wrote and published in Coblenz, Germany a book, the "History of the Thirty-Eighth", the first regimental history after the war.

Teaching first touched Lovejoy when he had a Sunday School class of little

boys in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Pittsfield, while he was a seventeen year old high school student. His next teaching job was for ROTC at Rutgers University. After that he stayed at the university to handle news writing for the student newspaper, the *Targum*. Many consider the move as the start of Rutgers School of Journalism.

Columbia University authorities asked him to take over the post of Alumni Secretary, Alumni Magazine Editor and money raiser. This became a field service job visiting large cities and organizing local clubs of Columbia alumni, including such foreign cities as Paris, London and Berlin. This enabled him to write his famous and helpful "Lovejoy's Career and Vocational School Guide", "Lovejoy's Prep School Guide" and "Lovejoy's Scholarship Guide"; Work is under way on a fifth guide: "Lovejoy's Guide for Parents". All books are used on a world wide scale.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy now travel to visit for examination and inspection at least 100 institutions a year. They try to update the information they use in their college counseling with parents and campus-bound youngsters at their offices in Red Bank, New Jersey.

Two institutions, Colby College and Parsons College, have conferred honorary degrees on Lovejoy.

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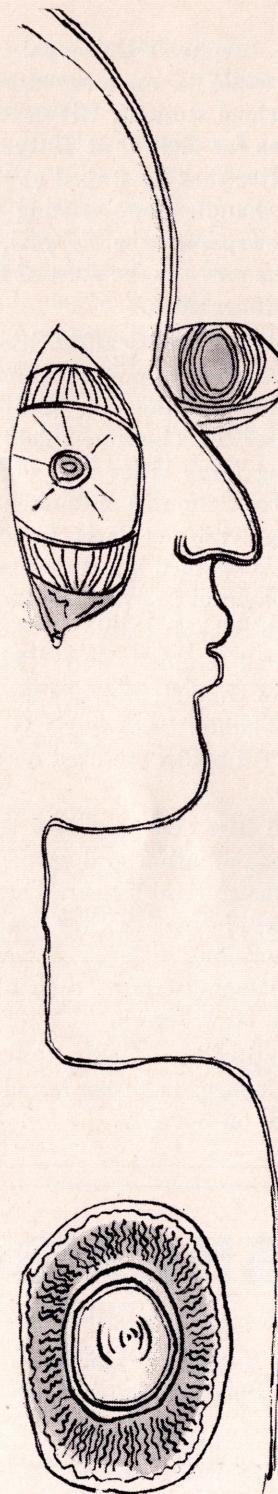
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Give me a peach, and I'll give you a plum
Touch my cheek and then we're done.
Only to laugh and begin again.
Shake your head and I don't know when
We'll grow up big with songs all sung,
But your sweater's warm and we're still
young.

Stretch and walk in sunny suns.
Catch the clouds that you have won.
All the trees can tell you this
Watch, be sure, and do not miss
The lovely things that fall days
bring:

Peaches, plums, new songs to sing.

Lorraine Simo, '69

life

mesmerized eyes stare
trying to grasp the meaning
of obscure faces.

joy quillard, '70

**Summer Friends and
Friends Forever**

As Autumn falls upon us slowly,
My memories from the summer hold me
For a golden moment.
I hear in October hollow echoes;
They're voices of summer which time
makes mellow.
And always will I recall with pleasure
The friends beyond all measure,
Whose faces now are absent.

Carl Greenberg, '69

Ellen Metropole

**WHY?**

As I overlook this field so wide
I see men lying side by side
Men who are lying very still,

Will they never conquer another hill?

War has come to this tiny town
Turned its people, houses, and stores,
Upside down,

Must there always be war?

Man must look to the day
When he will need to fight no more
But as I view the rotting scum

I wonder, Will that day ever come?

Thomas O'Brien, '69

You Were Gone

I saw your face amidst the crowd
And as you locked my way,
I knew you wondered why
I had forsaken you that day.

But when I looked into your eyes
And saw a weeping child;
I wanted so to reach right out,
To touch your face
And see you smile.

I glanced away and wondered:
Should I continue on?
You needed me.
I turned around and smiled,
But you were gone.

Patricia Hyde, '70



Chottsie Morris

Casey's Column

No one can escape Casey's eye, even in summer. It seems the place to go for a summer vacation is Hampton Beach. If you don't believe me, ask Steve Girardi . . . We can all relax now, because Peggy's back with Jimmy . . . Eric A., you seem to be quite the man this year, isn't that right Pat W.? . . . Rick Russo seems to have a secret admirer in study . . . Over the summer, it seems Joan G. and Anne H. have acquired a new accent . . . Why does Tim want Dave in his band so much?—There must be a catch . . . Egads, Laurie P., do you always go hopping down Dalton Ave. the last day of summer? . . . Sue H. seems to have fun standing in the driveway of the Elm St. Car Wash on a Saturday night watching Jack S. wash his car . . . Ed S., does Lynda's chewing gum really bother you THAT much? . . . Wendy G., don't you want someone to carry your books? . . . Peggy S., the next time you drive a jeep to a soccer game, try not to take Lumpy's car with you . . . Pat M., do you always put hot test tubes in your mouth? . . . Carol K., are you sure you went to Stockbridge to WORK this summer? . . . Is it true that Barry passed Barb O'Donnell up for a sick friend Saturday night? . . . Cadette practice has attracted Rick R. lately . . . One summer can sure change a person, right Joan? . . . There's a new pickle craze going around—like to comment on that Mark D.? . . . Who was that redskin at the G.A.A. hootenanny? . . . Chris C. has taken quite an interest in the St. Joe soccer team . . . It seems Candy V. went to every soccer game this summer—Could it be that she was looking for a PHAIR play? . . . The grapevine has it that the third period Driver's Ed. class is just TOO exciting to bear . . . Jack S., have you learned now to always bring an extra gallon of gas on your excursions? . . . Casey hears that

Trin made Lynda feed her pocketbook a carrot . . . Mark R., what is the big attraction at the variety store? . . . Say Trin, been having trouble driving John's car? . . . It seems that there is an adorable boy in Sharon MacDonald's chemistry class, right Sharon? . . . Bob Y., I know it's a long way to South Lee, but must you fly? . . . Pat T. loves that homework—especially the kind that winds up at Lowell Tech . . . The way Casey hears it, there are a lot of cars parked in front of Val Z.'s house these days—care to explain Val? . . . Marni F., who's that P.H.S. letterman you've been walking around with?!

Don't forget, I'll be watching until Tony Parise becomes a ninety pound weakling and Terri Pink's hair turns black and curly!

Sean O'Casey

Do You Remember When?

The jerk was the popular dance?
Pam Boxer had blonde hair?
Senior guys dated senior girls?
Milk was 3c?
The Y.M.C.A. was "the" place to go?
Girls used to wear ponytails?
Juniors and seniors got up after the sun?
Everyone watched cartoons on Saturday mornings?
Vacation meant no homework?
The clock in 302 worked?
The third floor Girl's Room went mirror-less?
Barb O. & Debbie S. fought over Horace L.?
We played "Tag" on the playground during recess?
We could stand in the lobby before school?

Can You Imagine

Can You Imagine:
All the boys at the old high school and
all the girls at the new one?
Kevin Yon without his crutches?
Sue Russell getting an F?
Mark Reynolds skipping lunch?
The "Pine Grove Drive" boys not
drifting?
Dave W. not president?
Steve Strang flunking a course?
Pat W. without a peppermint ice-cream
cone?
P.H.S. without a bomb scare?
Lynda Hartwell never smiling?
Mickey Leftkowitz a ten foot giant?
The junior girls beating the seniors at
the yearly football games?
Going home after school with no home-
work?
Michelle Maranno wearing a skirt that
goes below her knees?
A quiet study hall?
Being able to move in the lobby at 12:31?
The cafeteria any other color?
Sue Allison laughing without tears?
Elevators instead of stairs?
The lobby without Paul Bernardo and
Mark Daniels?
The whole senior class graduating with
honors?

Pet Peeves

Lynda Giftos: "Re-learning Latin in the summer."
Terry Caparello: "Waking up at 6:00."
Randy Rocca: "Flunking a chemistry test."
Laurie Byrn: "Starving in 6th period."
Sue Judd: "Sharing a locker."
Mickey Koscher: "People snapping gum during college boards."
Anne Hill: "People who stick their knees in your ears during study hall in the auditorium."
Karyn Rosen: "My little brother playing the saxophone."

Pat Curd: "We're out of here."

Tom Propst: "Special news reports on T.V."

Diane Puskey: "No light in the third floor Girl's Room."

Kathy Glassanos: "Crabby bus drivers."

Marti Stratner: "Having to walk up three flights of stairs at 7:30 in the morning."

Gene Fitzgerald: "People who ask me what my pet peeve is."

Carol Kresge: "Not being able to find anyone in the halls 'cuz I'm too short."

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Amy Kaufman: "Being able to wear pants in the winter-time."

Marvin Kennedy: "Better Faculty-student relationships."

Gary Corsen: "Paint!"

Sue Duprey: "Traffic lights in the halls."

Sharon McDonald: "Fixing the ceiling in the girls' gym."

Sue Senger: "More attention to the great job the teams are doing."

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Teacher's Favorite Expressions

Mr. Reagan: "I disagree!"

Mr. Davis: "Good afternoon class!"

Mrs. Shay: "At night one minute is a long time to stay after the bell rings."

Mr. Drainville: "Hmmm"

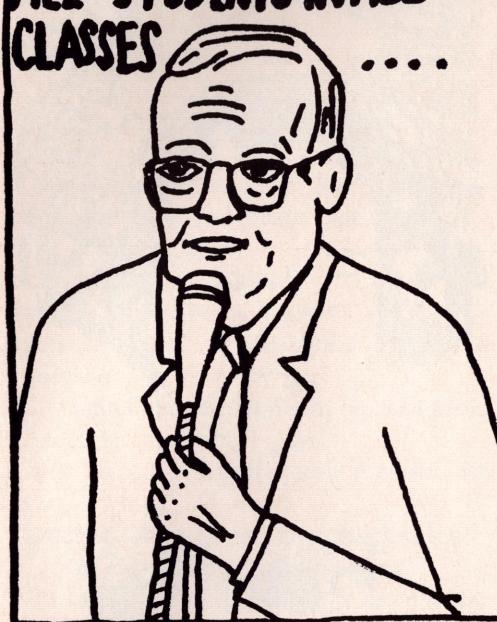
Mr. Pellerin: "Hang in there!"

Miss Ziemiwski: "Who's going to lead our Easter Parade today?"

Mr. Donovan: "In the days of Louis XIV . . ."

**ATTENTION ALL TEACHERS,
ALL STUDENTS IN ALL
CLASSES**

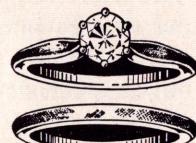
I FORGOT WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY.



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Etincellent
Et il retourne à sa joie.

Un jeune homme
Se plaint de ne pas être libre.
Ses yeux déterminés
Brûlent,
Avec révolte il me foudroie.

Un homme d'un âge moyen
Se résigne à son métier.
Ses yeux durcis
Rougissent
Avec un soupir il retourne à son travail.

Un vieil homme
Me regarde gentiment
Ses yeux songeurs
Rodent
Il pense à l'avenir.

Je regarde mon image
Dans un lac cristallin.
Je vois mon visage.
Qu'est-ce qu'il y a dans mes yeux?

By Ceci Hermann, '70

Caras

Caras hablan la verdad;
Hablan los pensamientos de la juventud.
Y cuando no hay más palabras para
escoger,
Caras rompen las noticias insopportables.

Caras pueden engañar un mundo;
Porque inocencia puede esconder
El delito que tenemos adentro.

By Patricia Hyde, '70

**Todos Estudiantes en Todas Las Clases . . .**

Este es el primer año que Pittsfield High está usando un nuevo sistema de publica arena. Aunque es nuevo aquí, muchos estudiantes saben bien este sistema porque se usó en todos los colegios para los tres primeros años de la escuela secundaria. Por si acaso ustedes no los notaron, los altavoces están situados en frente de cada clase sobre la pizarra. El objeto del sistema es para informar los estudiantes acerca de cambios en nuestros horarios o, quizás sustos de las bombas.

Una ventaja de este sistema es que ahorra mucho tiempo y energía. La única desventaja me parece es que la oficina del principal puede sintonizar a cualquier clase que quiera. Por supuesto, este es una ventaja por la oficina.

By Janet Groat, '69

Pictura

Garrula aqua viridem campum decurrit,
Arbores curvant super fluvium; se de-
mittunt tangere aquam,
Et liberi, ridentes, ludentes, ad eam cur-
runt.
Est pulchritudo; est tabula naturae.

Iuxta rivulum magnus mons stat
Surgens excelsius dum caelum attingit.
Altae pinus hic vivant, et fortia robora—
Silva ut laudet pulchram picturam.

Supra collem rutilans sol
Labens post arbores iacet
Iaciens longas umbras trans rivum et
agrum
Et celans pulchritudinem in tenebris
noctis.

By Margaret Flowers, '69

Coming Events in the Berkshire Area of Special Interest

Nov. 1-Dec. 1: Ink drawings in color by Newton W. Bersesek, Berkshire Museum.

Nov. 1-Dec. 1: Professional Photographers of America Exhibit, Berkshire Museum.

Nov. 28, 29, 30: Musical, "The Roar of the Crowd", put on by the B.C.C. Players, B.C.C. auditorium, 8:30 p.m., tickets \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, for reservations call 499-0846.

Dec. 1-31: Paintings by Lucille Cohn, Berkshire Museum.

Dec. 1-15: Exhibition of modern dolls, Berkshire Museum.

Dec. 3: "Play of Herod", performed in costume by the full company of the New York Promusica, Thompson Memorial Chapel, Williams College, Williams-town, 8:30 p.m. (tickets required).

Dec. 4: Audubon lecture, "Hawaii", by Walter Berlet, Berkshire Museum, 8 p.m.

Dec. 7: World Travel movie-lecture, "Ireland", by Nicol Smith, Berkshire Museum, 8 p.m., tickets \$2.00, should be purchased early.

Dec. 14: Movie-lecture, "Skis Over Mt. McKinley," by Hans G. Moser, Berkshire Museum, 7 p.m. and 9 p.m.

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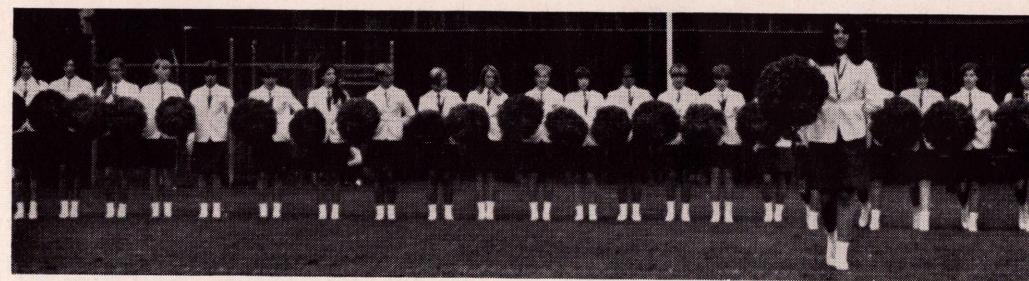
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Go Generals!

By Steve Jaffe, '69 and Mike Dessereau, '69

Pittsfield High School and Coach Joe Gleason have a football team to be proud of this year. The team, consisting mostly of new players, has given some fine performances against more experienced opponents. Only nine lettermen out of thirty-one returned this year and only two are regulars.

The two co-captains are James Bagdonas and Tony Parise, both seniors. In spite of the fact that this is his first year playing quarterback, Jim has done a good job so far and has proved to be excellent in running for yardage. Tony Parise is the strong man on the General's line and was awarded lineman of the week of September 21.

The juniors also contribute to the team substantially. They have produced four outstanding players in the line-up including Brian Pinsonneault who plays in the starting team; Gregg Pittman, a full-back; Frank Trela, a defensive safety; and Dave Stetson, an offensive end. Mr. Gleason sees quite a bit of promise in these boys and hopes they will prove valuable this year and next.

The most outstanding sophomore this year is Tim Isabel, who plays on the starting team as flanker. This is his first year out and he shows lots of ability which will aid the Generals for the three years he will be here. Three other sopho-

mores worthy of mention are Chris Jacoby, a reserve quarterback; Phil Massey, a center; and defensive half-back Paul Yansac.

Mr. Gleason stated that since most of the problems which plagued P.H.S. in the Chicopee game were small and should be ironed out by mid-season, the chances of the Generals' reaching first place are very good. Mr. Gleason also said that the P.H.S. football team is of a fine caliber and that most of his boys are doing excellent not only athletically but also scholastically.

Adams is rated by Mr. Gleason as the team to beat on the basis of past performance. St. Joe has a good team this year but hopes are high that they will easily be defeated by the Generals.

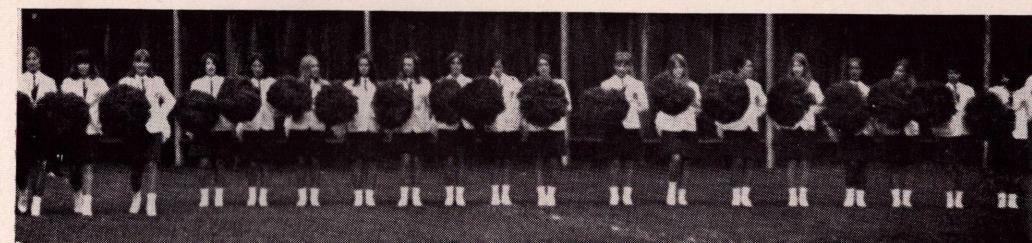
Injuries have not plagued the team this year with the exception of Doug Snyder, who is out of action because of a broken arm from falling off a horse.

In general (pun), the hopes are high for a good season for the Generals with a chance for the title and the gaining of a number of new lettermen.

Support!

By Tom Sacchetti, '69

Have you ever noticed while sitting in the bleachers at a football game that, in addition to the game going on, there is another kind of competition, one between the supporters of the two teams. Whether you are aware of it or not, there



is such a rivalry, and it exists not only for football games, but for all sports competitions. The score is not measured by points, but rather by the number of the team's supporters and the loudness of their cheers. I'm afraid that the Pittsfield supporters haven't a very good record thus far this year. The attendance at the football games has been nothing to brag about, but that of the soccer games is down right terrible! Judging from the attendance one might conclude that we haven't got teams to be proud of—but we do! The ski team won the Interscholastics tournament last year, but hardly anyone supported them by attending their meets. The track team has won the Western Mass. Tournament for the last six years straight, and if anyone is proud of this record, they certainly haven't shown it in the past. Our hockey team has been far from anything to be ashamed of yet the attendance of the games has been!

Yes P.H.S., something is definitely missing in our school spirit, and we'd better do something about it before the other schools notice it. We wouldn't want to have the reputation of being uninterested in our teams. What can we do about it? Ask members of their respective teams when the next game is, and make plans to attend. If there is a transportation difficulty, ask around, and you'd be surprised. There are more of your friends going to the games in empty cars than you think.

Well, P.H.S., what do you say, are we

going to be known for our great school support—or our lack of it? Let's start giving our boys the attention they deserve, and let's come in not only number one in sports, but also in school spirit.

Dr. Coakley—New Coach

By Dave Crea, '70

One of the bright new faces at P.H.S. this year is that of our varsity basketball coach, Dr. Robert Coakley. Dr. Coakley was born thirty-one years ago, and was brought up in Pittsfield.

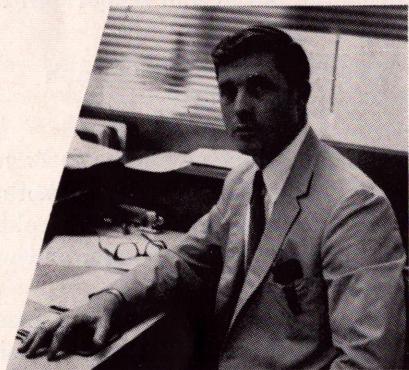
After graduation in 1956 from Lenox High School, where he excelled in varsity basketball and baseball, he attended Springfield College. While completing his undergraduate work he played varsity baseball and basketball. After completing the requirements for a bachelor degree, he prepared for the next two years for a career in guidance by gaining his master's degree. During this two year period, he coached basketball and baseball at Springfield.

In 1961, Dr. Coakley began his guidance work at Lee High School, where he again coached baseball and basketball. His teams were very successful and the fact that he turned out many fine athletes attests to this.

Dr. Coakley spent the past two years at the University of Wyoming Prep High where he received his doctorate degree in guidance. Personal and family reasons brought him back to Pittsfield.

Neither baseball or basketball is fa-

vored over the other by Dr. Coakley at the high school level. He states that he has no interest in coaching at a college or university due to the magnitude of the responsibility and the work that such a position entails. He elaborated on his stand by explaining that a college coach must travel a great deal taking him away from his family for extended periods of time. In addition, he feels that he can contribute much to the field of guidance in helping boys on their way through high school.



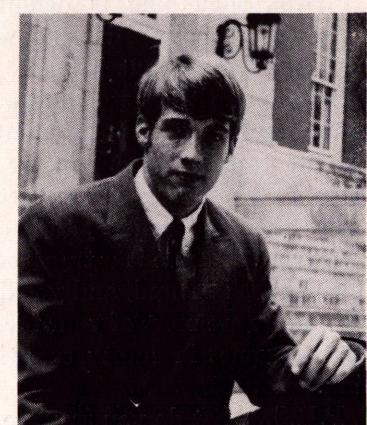
The new coach has met the majority of the basketball team and has also heard a great deal about the players and the team. Mt. Greylock seems to be the team to beat this year, according to Dr. Coakley, but this forecast is based only on statistics and the appearance of the team on paper, he hastened to point out. Basketball practice will not interfere with his guidance work, since all the sessions will be held after the conclusion of the school day.

Dr. Robert Coakley is not only a guidance counselor and basketball coach but also a man who gives all he's got all day long for all boys; a man who believes that kids are the same, whether they're from Lee, Wyoming, or Pittsfield; and a man who believes that he can help the students make the best possible use of their three years at Pittsfield High.

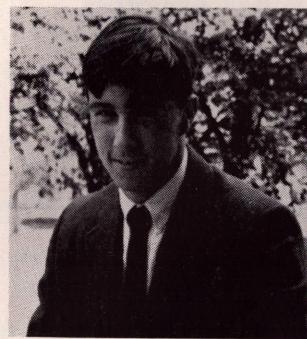
Soccer

The P.H.S. soccer team under the direction of Coach Ralph Gonet has been holding regular practice sessions since August 26. Due to double sessions the sophomores are unable to practice with the varsity, which holds practices from 3 to 5:30 P.M. at Egremont field. However, Mr. Gonet still finds time to hold an evening session for the sophs which runs from 6 to 7:30.

The Generals are one of seven teams included in the Berkshire County Soccer League this year. With Chester being the only team to drop out of the league this year, the schedule still includes Monument Mountain, Mt. Greylock, Wahconah, St. Joe, Lenox and Adams. With only two regular starters returning, Co-Captains Mark Daniels, and Bob Hickey this year's rather green team got off to a slow start by losing its first two games. The first lost being a heartbreaking 1-0 double overtime loss to defending champions Monument Mountain and the other to an aggressive Mt. Greylock team 4-0, in which P.H.S. played without two starters. Not letting the first two losses take a great effect on them, they came back to defeat Lenox High the following week 2-0.



Scores



This year the Generals are regarded as having one of the finest defensive teams in the league with the support of letterman Rick Fenton and two outstanding newcomers Eric Anderson and Jack Shea in the backfield. Two great assets to the team are halfback Mark Daniels, and goalie Bob Hickey, who have performed outstandingly. On the other hand however our offensive has been unable to locate the goal, but Coach Gonet expects Bob Cella and Jim Vandergrift to find the mark with the assistance of starting lineman Joe Wood, Bob O'Connell and Jim Dripps. Also with our strong backup play of Bob Luceroni, Gary Lahey, Bob Morgan, Jim Marlow, Randy Rocca, the P.H.S. squad and their coach look forward to a strong finish. Meanwhile despite the fact that there will be two High Schools next year, you can look forward to seeing sophomores Mark Ditmar, Bill Derring, Tom Farley, Bob Moon and Dick Rocca, who I think are very promising players. So with quite a few games remaining this season let's get behind the soccer team and spur them on to victory.

G.A.A. Activities

By Linda Del Gallo, '69

Another year of G.A.A. has gotten off to a good start. With the new officers and board members of the organization, the Girls' Athletic Association is bound to keep up its active program. On September 23, a hootenanny was held in the P.H.S. gym. Several local talents made their appearance at the event. They included Jean Robie, David Grover, Beth Harubin, Mark Daniels, and many others.

This is only one of the many events that the G.A.A. has planned for the upcoming year. Other events that were held in the past that will probably be included in this year's program are a hayride, Christmas caroling, a ski night—where everyone gets together and shares the slopes for an exciting night—and of course, the biggest event of the year, the G.A.A. Valentine Dance, where each girl who is a G.A.A. member can invite that "special boy". The final and probably the most emotional event of the year is the G.A.A. banquet. Here honor pins are awarded to the most deserving sophomore, junior, and senior. Also, new board members are presented, and new officers are installed.

Although the sophomores are excluded from many after-school sports and G.A.A. events, the association still offers them a special volleyball and gymnastics day. All girls are urged to join G.A.A. so that they may have the opportunity to take part in these events and many others that will be offered during the course of the school year.

G.A.A. Officers
By Joan Halperin, '70

Linda Klemanski

Linda, better known as "Klem", is a Senior C.P. Student and is the President of G.A.A. Besides her work in the G.A.A., "Klem" has helped produce *The Student's Pen* and has been a Pep Club member. Last year she was on the Junior Prom Committee. Tri-Hi-Y, where she is Assistant Secretary, takes up some of her spare time. When in college, "Klem" would like to major in Physical Education.

Barbara Briggs

Secretary of G.A.A., Barb is a junior C.P. student. Being Junior Cadette Manager and helping with the Girls' Sports Staff of both *The Student's Pen* and *In General* takes up much of Barb's time. She is also a Pep Club member. When not in school, Barb likes to participate in the after-school activities. Her future plans include being an elementary school teacher, which explains why she is a member of the Future Teachers of America Club.

Jean Eulian

Besides being Treasurer of G.A.A., you may also recognize Senior Jean Eulian as the Captain of the Cheerleading Squad. During her 3 years at P.H.S., Jean has worked on *The Student's Pen* and *In General*, and she has been a member of the Pep Club. In her Junior year she was on the Junior Prom Committee. Working at a Variety store takes up much of Jean's time. Presently enrolled in C.P. classes, Jean would like to major in elementary or special education.

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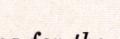
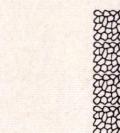
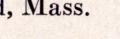
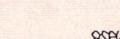
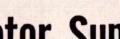
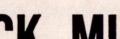
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Joan Germanowski

The new Vice-President of G.A.A. is Senior Joan Germanowski. Along with being Vice-President, Joan is a Cadette Officer, writes for the Features Staff of *The Student's Pen*, and belongs to the Pep Club. Last year she was on the Junior Prom Committee, and the Election Committee, and was a Home-Room Representative. Joan would like to go to either the University of Massachusetts or Rhode Island University and major in elementary education.



OCTOBER 1968

Girls' Sports at P.H.S.
By Linda Del Gallo, '69

Many students at P.H.S. tend to forget the sports that girls can participate in at our school. One such sport is field hockey. This sport starts off the girls' sports year. Two teams from the junior class will be chosen, and a Round Robin tournament will be played between them. Then the winner of the tournament will play against the seniors. The seniors seem to have the advantage, especially since they possess last year's experience, but it is certain that the juniors will put up a good fight against them. The winners of the Round Robin tournament will receive numerals and the winners of the senior-junior match will receive letters. Mrs. Roosa, the advisor of the teams last year, again returns this year to help coach the girls.

Other sports that will be offered during the year are volleyball, basketball, badminton, swimming, and softball. All girls who are interested in going out for these sports are urged to sign up for them as they appear during the year.

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Field Hockey
By Vickie Makes, '70

On any afternoon of the week except Friday, one can observe junior and senior girls in cut-offs and ragged sweat shirts. With their buckled shin guards and hockey sticks, they attack one another on the field as each girl tries to recover the ball for her team. Occasionally shin guards are useless. A girl is always fouling "sticks" and hitting someone in the head. Miss Morgan and Mrs. Roosa have quite a time refereeing because each game often looks like a battlefield.

Even though this is only practice, good luck to those who survive and make the varsity teams. So, if you see a girl who has a black eye or stitches, or is all black and blue, she is probably a field hockey player.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A FOOTBALL UNIFORM

By Mark Roberts, '70

The game of football can mean absolutely nothing or a great deal symbolically, depending on the interpreter. I must apologize immediately for the following interpretation. I am entirely responsible for it and I will face the consequences of having an entirely sensible person, like yourself, read it.—The Writer

THE EXPERTS have reduced the sport of football to a mere outpouring of aggressions from the human animal into a legal outlet. Some add that it is a modernization of the Roman gladiator "fun festivals." In fact, the football uniform itself has been termed as "a modern day suit of armor."

The uniform's utilitarian purpose is evident in its bulkiness. It was constructed to promote, as much as possible the player's slim chances of surviving the game.

Now, to get down to the uniform's symbolic significance. In the game of football, as in the game of life, a man feels a great deal of pain. He must strain every fibre of his body if he is to reap the rewards of success and success is at times discouragingly remote. The protective equipment that confines him will, at times, lessen the pain but it will not in any way lessen the yardage from the "sensual scrimmage-line" to the "gold emblazoned goal line of eternity." As a matter of fact, the uniform, like any set of personal morals or adopted religious beliefs, may even seem to lengthen the yardage. The player is inhibited by all his padding but is unable to perform the acrobatics of playing without them. He

is, in effect, trapped by his own advantageous protection.

The uniform is like the "human" soul in some respects and is altogether different in others. Let me say first that I am basing my comparison on a report issued by the National Council of Ecclesiastical Therapeutics which states that when two groups of doomed men were asked whether they thought they would go "up" or "down", all grumbled ".....!!!

The soul is either accepted or rejected in the after-life, the decision being made by the Lord High Launderer, who decides whether or not the soul is sullied beyond all hope. In the game of football it is exactly opposite. If you are sporting a saintly white jersey at the end of two halves, you are flogged eternally with scorching-hot towels and constrained by your burly team-mates to slurp the mud-tainted water from the shower room floor. Crime does not pay, especially in the locker room!

So, the secondary object of the game is to denigrate your uniform as convincingly as possible so as to purify yourself in preparation for the post-game activities in the locker room. If the Coach finds you worthy enough, you hustle to the showers where you assist your teammates in the crucifying of unsullied sinners. Ah, what harp-strumming angel can provide you with all this bliss?

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Student: "You would too if you had to change in the middle of the street."

OCTOBER 1968

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New Faces

If anyone has seen a Twiggy resemblance on the 3rd floor, it is probably Miss Sally O'Donnell, a newcomer to the Art department. A lifetime "Pittsfielder", Miss O'Donnell attended P.H.S. where she was a Cadette. She is now a recent graduate of U. Mass. An English major in college, she later decided that art was a much more fulfilling subject and decided to teach it. She has a beautiful wardrobe which she herself designed. Unlike most teachers, Miss O'Donnell works the split shift, from 10-3 P.M., which she finds really "fab." She has an excellent opinion of both P.H.S. teachers and students and finds them all very friendly. Her main goal in class is for the students to have fun and to learn to appreciate art. Her handicap is that she has no license and therefore must walk to and from school. This she is very proud of!

Most of us have had a chance to meet our welcome addition to P.H.S., by now Silvana D. Girolamo has charmed gym classes and is a valuable influence on all Pittsfield High students.

Her hometown is Cassino, Italy. She came here two years ago by ship. She says the one difference that struck her when she came here were the schools. In Italy, she says, all the schools are specialized. For instance, if a student wanted to become a teacher, he would have to attend a school which offered courses only in teaching.

Enrolled in the college prep program, Silvana would like to go on to college. She likes it here in the United States, and wants to attend a college here. Eventually though, she thinks she would like to return to her hometown in Italy.

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One of the new courses offered this year at Pittsfield High is public speaking, taught by Mr. Pierce in the morning and Mr. DiNicola in the afternoon.

One of the methods of preparing students for speaking in public is the use of a tape recorder to hear themselves so that they can correct their own deliveries and improve themselves.

Some of the topics that they have discussed so far are: Should the voting age be lowered to eighteen? Should the present age of eighteen in New York to be served liquor be brought up to twenty-one? Another project is to read a poem in front of the class and then be marked on the presentation.

Students will have debates between each other and then, the best students will go on to debate at different schools and colleges. Other activities are a National Broadcast and a Script-writing Program in which prizes will be awarded, the American Legion oratorical contest and the Massachusetts Speech Festival.

Another new course at Pittsfield High this year is the combination political science and psychology course, with political science being taught the first half of the year and psychology the second. Mr. Reagan, who teaches this elective for seniors, is exceptionally well versed in his subject and expressed his thoughts clearly and concisely to his students. Dealing solely with government—local, state, and federal-political science is an interesting as well as useful subject, in which the political problems of today enter into class discussion with all the vigor of a Senate floor fight.

Our English teacher, Miss Downing, is another great new face in P.H.S. Although this is her first year teaching, she has lived in Pittsfield all her life and was attracted to our school because she knew the system so well. She graduated from B. C. C. and Emmanuel College in Boston and is now teaching the afternoon session. (By the way, all you lazy sophomores, she doesn't sleep late!) Off the

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Fight, team,
Fight!



4.
Gee, maybe
someday I'll be
a cheerleader!



5.
I always knew
practice would
be like this.



6.
Game? Tonight?



7.
Let's go, Pittsfield!



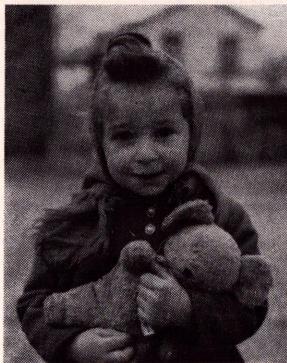
8.
Oh, baby it's cold
outside!
9. Cindy Schulte



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3.
Well, he's not
Wee Willy,
but he'll do.

2. Pam Harris
3. Jean Bulian
4. Lori Simo
5. Linda Coty
6. Sue Niederjohn
7. Barb Rutka
8. Cathy Premerlani
9. Cindy Schulte

OCTOBER 1968

job, she reads existentialist philosophy, swims, and will eventually earn her Master's. Her main goal in life is to be a fine teacher by passing on to students the same desire to learn as she had—and to get all those papers corrected.

Among the many new teachers roaming the familiar corridors of Pittsfield

High is Mr. Estes, a U.S. History teacher. After having attended Rider's and Rutgers Colleges and majoring in business, he now finds himself teaching history to both juniors and seniors. His outside interests include golf, skiing, and football. When asked for his opinion of this school and of teaching here, he simply replied, "Very pleasant, so far."

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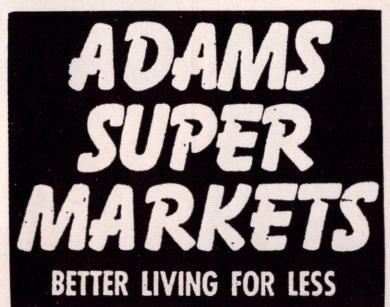
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saying that my
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unless I
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the top



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Carl Greenberg

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